

## Daily Eagle

## R. R. TIME TABLES.

St. L., P. &amp; W. R. R.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

St. Louis Day Express and Mail..... 7:10 a. m.  
St. Louis Night Express and Mail..... 7:30 p. m.  
Kansas City Day Express and Mail..... 7:30 a. m.  
Kansas City Night Express and Mail..... 7:30 p. m.  
Freight and Accommodation..... 7:30 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

St. Louis Day Express and Mail..... 7:25 p. m.  
St. Louis Night Express and Mail..... 7:45 p. m.  
Kansas City Day Express and Mail..... 7:45 a. m.  
Kansas City Night Express and Mail..... 7:45 p. m.  
Freight and Accommodation..... 7:45 p. m.

Wichita &amp; Colorado.

Depart..... 7:40 p. m.  
Arrive..... 8:10 p. m.  
Depart..... 8:10 p. m.  
Arrive..... 8:40 p. m.

A. T. &amp; S. F. R. R.

Going North, Passenger..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going North, Accommodation..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going South, Passenger..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going South, Accommodation..... 7:45 p. m.

Wichita &amp; Western.

No. 2, Mail and Express..... 7:45 p. m.  
No. 3, Express..... 7:45 p. m.  
Way Freight..... 7:45 p. m.  
No. 1, Mail and Express..... 7:45 p. m.  
No. 3, Express..... 7:45 p. m.  
Way Freight..... 7:45 p. m.

St. Louis &amp; San Francisco.

Going West, Passenger..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going West, Accommodation..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going East, Passenger..... 7:45 p. m.  
Going East, Accommodation..... 7:45 p. m.

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**Much & Keated by the Surprise.**  
A very large man, a desperate fellow who had often been in the city and had been whipped, became involved in a quarrel with a small man. Well, after the fight was over, a friend of the desperate man said: "Why, Abner, he tore you all to pieces."

"He pulled up the township with you."

"That's what."

"Bit of one of your ears."

"That's what he done."

"Ruined your clothes."

"Pulled one of your eyes out."

"He tore it out."

"He don't weigh 100 pounds, either."

"Don't b'lieve he does."

"I suppose you hate to be whipped?"

"Oh, no, Bill, I don't mind being whipped, but I don't like to lose my teeth, but that's one thing about the affair that makes me mad."

"What's that, Abner?"

"The surprise of the thing. I reckon I into astonishment was than any man in the world. Why I thought I could whale that fellow with one hand, but I was never more astonished in my life. Why, the way that fool feller hit shocked me—stomached me. I tell you, Abner, I don't mind the whipping, but, Billy, why didn't he do it gracefully so I wouldn't have been so surprised? I don't like that feller."—Arkansas Traveler.

**Soldiers in the French Capital.**  
"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" are cut and stenciled and painted above the doors of churches, wine shops, museums, libraries, theatres and schools, yet it does not seem like liberty to your letters within ten feet of a layman, to enter an art gallery between sentries and to find a squad of infantry at the opera staring watch your exit as if you had designs on the building. It perhaps gives confidence to a people to know that it has 500,000 or more soldiers ready to fight its battles, but what is the use of having soldiers at every corner to prove that they are alive? In the United States, now, we are satisfied to know that we have an army without ever seeing it. Yet the soldier adds to the life of the Parisian crowd and is probably liked because he is red and blue and has brass buttons. He is inside the theatre as well as outside; you will find him gazing at the pictures and the marbles in the Louvre, stirring up the animals in the Jardin des Plantes, lounging through the parks, taking his evening nap at a sidewalk table on the Boulevard, attending mass on Sunday morning and going down the river with his gun in the afternoon. He seems to have leisure, and more money than his pay, and after awhile he comes to figure in your mind as an emblem of the amusements of peace rather than the savagery of war. But he may be out for business on one of these fine days, for his delectable of Goths and Vandals of the lands beyond the Rhine has made a lasting enmity in him and he hankers for revenge.—Paris Cor.

**Unreceptive of Outward Impressions.**  
The other day a Herald man got into a Madison street car, and three young ladies who sat opposite where he took his seat suddenly ceased their chatter and began to look in the most ludicrously introspective way. Their big eyes stared straight ahead; they looked hard at the Herald man, yet with not a gleam of intelligence. Puppies of eight weeks' children of ten months and sentimental folks often have that kind of stare. The Herald man got nervous, and when he decently could, pulled a cigar from his pocket and went to the rear seats. "What is that?" he asked of an acquaintance, in politeness, as he flashed a match. "That," said the fly young man, "is the stare the girls call the 'baby stare.' Haven't you seen it yet? It is the latest 'fad' out. It takes nerve to do it, but the average girl is schooling herself. Her idea is to open her eyes wide, direct them straight at you, and then look just as unresponsive of outward impressions as babies do. It is a great snap, but I don't think it will last. Mighty few girls can continue long enough to look of baby known as the 'baby stare'."—Chicago Herald.

**Circuses and Their Popularity.**  
Circuses have their friends, admirers and patrons in certain localities the same as wholesale houses and other business enterprises. This fact is strongly illustrated in the case of P. T. Barnum. This great showman can fill his canvases in the north and east, but whenever he attempts to show in cities south of Mason and Dixon's line he exhibits to empty seats. He has made several efforts to obtain popularity in the south, but has never yet appeared in a town in that section without losing money. He has frequently given the southerners the best entertainment that any show in the world could present, but in every instance failed to draw half as large a crowd as inferior circuses do in the same territory. This year he tried Nashville, Tenn., and Richmond, Va., as a feeder, to see what could be done in the south, but he lost money and gave up the idea of touring the southern cities in his route.

## HALLUCINATION.

You ask me why I am going to marry? I can scarcely dare to confess to you the strange and inconceivable reason which urges me to this insane course.

I am going to marry in order not to be alone.

I do not know how to tell it—how to make myself understood. You will pity me and you will despise me when you know in what a wretched state of mind I am.

I do not want to be alone any more—at night. I want to feel some being near me, close to me, a being that can speak, say something, no matter what.

I want to be able to rouse that being from sleep, to be able to ask that being any question suddenly—even a stupid question, so that I can feel my dwelling is inhabited—so that I can know that a mind is awake, that a reasoning power is at work—so that, if I suddenly light my candle, I can see a human face beside me—because—because (how can I dare avow my shame?)—because I am afraid when I am by myself.

Oh! you do not yet comprehend me?

I am not afraid of any danger. If a man were to come in I would kill him without a shudder. I have no fear of ghosts; I do not believe in the supernatural. I am not afraid of the dead; I believe in the total annihilation of every human being that passes away.

Then? Yes. Then? Well! I am afraid of myself. I am afraid of being afraid.

I am afraid of the mental spasms that are driving me mad; afraid of the horrible sense of incomprehensible terror.

Laugh if you please! It is hideous; it is incurable. I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of familiar objects which seem to me to become animated with a sort of animal life. Above all I am afraid of the horrible confusion of my mind, the confusion of my reason which goes from me, all befooled, dissipated by some mysterious and inexplicable anguish.

First, I feel a vague disquiet that passes into my mind and makes all my flesh creep. I look around me. Nothing! And I feel a need of something. Of what? Something incomprehensible. Then I become afraid, simply because I cannot comprehend my fear.

I speak! I am frightened by my own voice. I walk! Then I am frightened by the unknown which is behind the door, or behind the curtain, or inside the armor, or under the bed. And nevertheless I know perfectly well there is really nothing in any of those places.

I turn round suddenly because I am afraid of what is behind me, although there is really nothing behind me. I know it!

I become nervous; I feel the scare growing upon me; and I look myself into my room, and bury myself in my bed, and I hide myself under my bedclothes; and, cowering there, gathering myself up like a ball, I shut my eyes in desperation, and thus remain for seemingly infinite lengths of time, oppressed by the thought that my candle is still burning on the little table beside the bed, and that I should really blow it out. And I dare not!

It is not frightful to be in such a condition!

There was a time when I never felt this way. I used to go home feeling perfectly calm. I went out and came in without anything to trouble the serenity of my mind. If I had then been told what a stupid and terrible disease of fear—of incredible fear—would come upon me in after days, I would certainly have laughed. I used to open the doors in the dark with perfect confidence; I used to make my preparations for going to bed quietly, without even bolting myself in, and I never thought of getting up in the middle of the night to see if all the entrances to my room were strongly secured.

The trouble began last year in a singular way.

It was in autumn, on a certain damp evening. When my housekeeper had taken her departure, after I had dined, I asked myself what I was going to do. For some time I walked up and down my room. I felt weary, unusually depressed, incapable of doing any work, lacking even the mental force to read. A fine rain was moistening the window panes. I was melancholy, all permeated by one of those causeless attacks of despondency which make you feel inclined to cry—which make a man want to talk to somebody or anybody in order to shake off the weight of one's own fancies.

I felt lonesome. Never before did my dwelling seem to me so empty. An infinite and heart-sickening solitude surrounded me. What was I to do? I sat down. Then nervous impatience seemed to pass into my legs. I got up and began to walk again. Perhaps I was also a little feverish, for my hands, clasped behind my back, as one's hands often are when one walks about listlessly, seemed to turn one another when they touched, and I noticed it. Then a sudden cold shiver ran down my back. I thought that the outside dampness was entering the room, and the idea occurred to me that it would be well to light a fire. I lit it; it was the first of the year. And I sat down once more, watching the flame. But soon the impossibility of remaining quiet in any one position forced me to get up again, and I felt that I would have to go out somewhere, to stir myself, to find a friend.

I went out. First I visited the houses of three different friends, not one of whom was at home; then I went on the boulevard resolved to find some acquaintance or other.

It was dismal everywhere. The wet sidewalks were shining. A watery lukewarmness—one of those lukewarmnesses which nevertheless chill you with sudden shivers, the weighty lukewarmness of impalpable rain—seemed to beat down over the whole street and to make the gas jets burn wearily and dim.

I walked along sluggishly, saying over and over again to myself: "I won't find anybody to talk to."

Several times I looked into all the cafes between La Madeleine and the Faubourg Poissonnerie. Only miserable-looking people, who did not seem to have even vim enough to finish what they had ordered, were sitting at the tables.

I wandered about in this way for a long time; and about midnight I took my way home. I was quite calm, but very tired. My courage, which always goes to bed before 11 o'clock, opened the door for me at once, contrary to his usual habit; and I thought to myself: "Hello! some other lodger must have just gone up stairs."

Whenever I go out I always double-lock my door. This time I found it simply pulled to and the fact impressed me. I thought that perhaps some letters might have been brought up stairs during the evening.

I went in. My fire was still burning, even brightly enough to light up the apartment. I took the candle in order to kindle it at the grate, when, as I looked right before me, I saw some one sitting in my easy chair, with his back turned to me, apparently warming his feet at the fire.

I was not startled at all—no, not the least in the world. A very natural supposition occurred to me, namely, that one of my friends had come to pay me a visit. The condescension, to whom I had given instructions when I went out, had naturally told the visitor that I would soon be back, and had lent his own key. And then all the other incidents of my return flashed through my mind in a second—the opening of the door at once, my own door simply pulled to, etc.

A Beginner in Natural Science.

Marion, aged 5, is very much interested in her brother's natural science lessons. One Sunday her older sister related to her the story of the ark and flood. After listening very attentively she at length exclaimed: "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Why, Marion, why do you say that?" the sister asked in surprise.

"Why, all those people in the ark would have been suffocated with carbide and gas," she said.

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